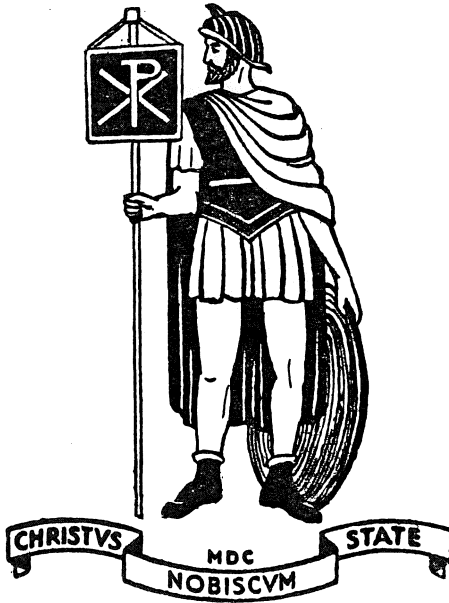


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1958

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 119

MARCH, 1958

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Sale, Bailey, Lancaster, Jill Burford, Alison Jones, Gillian Clews,
Juliet Ross, Elizabeth Coveney.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

Hemming, N. F. (VI), 1952-57.
Edmonds, T. A. (VA), 1952-57.
Banfield, T. W. (VB), 1954-57.
Taylor, R. J. (VB), 1952-57.

Langford, R. (IVB), 1954-57.
Dugmore, C. J. (IIIA), 1955-57.
Edwards, A. J. (IIIB), 1956-57.
King, D. S. (IIIB), 1956-57.

There have been 334 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

President : J. M. Stewart.

Treasurer : Mrs. D. Taylor.

Secretary : C. Strain,
112, Hertford Road,
Alcester.

Winter Reunion

At the Winter Reunion, held at the School on December 21st, there were about seventy present. On this occasion the hall was used for the greater part of the evening, the dining-room being used only for the buffet supper.

The reunion opened with a business meeting which it is regretted was so poorly attended that difficulty was experienced in filling vacant places on the committee. The following appointments were made :

President : J. M. Stewart (for a third term of office).

Committee : Alcester, G. P. Baylis, G. H. Canning, P. Drew, J. Mahoney, Mrs. N. Williams, Sheila Woodhouse; Studley, Mrs. M. Feast, W. McCarthy, B. Merris; Astwood Bank, J. Savage; Stratford, Cynthia Bartlett; Bidford, B. Slaughter.

Vice-President : Miss J. Young was proposed for this position in her absence.

Secretaries and Treasurer have still a further year to serve.

The Treasurer, in her report, stated that the balance at the bank was very satisfactory.

After the conclusion of the business meeting the customary programme of dancing and games was carried through in the hall to music supplied by the Moonrakers Dance Band. Table tennis was available throughout the evening in one of the classrooms. The gathering lasted until midnight, when, after Auld Lang Syne, The Queen and the Grand Goodnight, the company dispersed. The evening was most enjoyable but, owing to the limited attendance, the committee suffered considerable financial loss.

Dances

The dance held on January 3rd in the Hippodrome, Stratford-on-Avon, with music by Reg Roberts, was well supported by Stratford Old Scholars, though very few from other areas were present. A small profit was made.

A Valentine Dance, with music by the Avon Players, took place at Bidford-on-Avon on February 14th. There was a very large attendance, and the evening was a financial success.

Easter Dance

The next dance will be held in Alcester Town Hall, on Easter Tuesday, April 8th, from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. (dress optional). The Dennis Wheeler Quartet, from Malvern Winter Gardens, has been engaged. Admission will be by ticket only. Tickets (6s. single) are now obtainable from all committee members, and from the Secretary at his home address. Old Scholars ordering tickets by post should enclose cash with their orders.

Summer Reunion

On November 9th, at Studley, Richard Gordon Priddy to Margaret May Russell (scholar, 1947-52).

The date for the next reunion has not yet been fixed. As this will be the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Guild, it is hoped that there will be a large attendance, and that we shall meet there many Old Scholars who have not attended in recent years.

BIRTHS

On January 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hartwell (née Mary Trotman),
—a son.

On January 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Walton (née Jane Dayer-Smith)
—a son.

On January 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hunt—a daughter.

On January 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Heard—a son.

On January 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Whadcoat—a daughter.

On January 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitehouse—a son.

On January 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Baylis (née Joy Busby)—a son.

MARRIAGES

On August 12th, at Mere, Wilts., Michael Budden (scholar 1939-48) to Angela Sonia Jones.

- On February 3rd, at Alcester, Kenneth Ivor Burgess to Joyce Ruth Payne (scholar, 1948-50).
- On February 8th, at Mickleton, Michael Crawley Ouseley to Colleen Alice Wigington (scholar 1946-52).
- On February 15th, at Alcester, Bernard Haines to Angela Cremetti (scholar 1950-55).
- On February 15th, at Studley, Trevor Francis Edwins to Ann Patricia Fletcher (scholar 1953-55).
- On February 17th, at Crabbs Cross, John H. R. Jakeman to Audrey E. Harman (scholar 1945-49).
- On February 22nd, at Shottery, Christopher John Bird to Janet Elizabeth Gilchrist (scholar 1947-52).
- On February 24th, at Astwood Bank, Michael Yeomans (scholar 1941-49) to Netta Mary Witton.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

In the football match played last term against the School, the Old Scholars were able to field only ten men, their team consisting of P. Drew, B. Miller, W. Hitchings, W. McCarthy, R. Parker, A. Miller, B. White, P. Lane, C. Buckley and T. Savage. The referee was A. Dalrymple.

* * * *

Anne Edwards has passed her final examination for State Registered Nurses.

* * * *

J. Kempster, of Clare College, Cambridge, has obtained his Ph.D. He is now working at the California Institute of Technology, at Pasadena, being the holder of a post-doctoral fellowship.

* * * *

Anne Hemming has been awarded the Private Secretary's Diploma, as the result of a recent examination organised by the London Chamber of Commerce.

* * * *

Old Scholars will be interested to hear that a grand-daughter of Mr. E. Wells is dancing in the Royal Ballet. She was a member of the ballet which danced at Covent Garden at Christmas and which visited the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, in February.

* * * *

We were very sorry to hear of the serious illness of P. J. Burden, but are pleased to learn that he is now well on the way to recovery.

* * * *

D. R. Careless has gained his Ordinary National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering at Redditch Technical College. He will go in the autumn to London to the National College of Heating and Ventilation to study for his diploma as an engineering draughtsman.

CARIBBEAN EPISODE

We decided to go on a trip to a small uninhabited island twenty-three miles out in the mysterious blue Caribbean Sea. We arrived at the docks to find that the second largest American aircraft carrier was moored in the bay, together with her escort of a frigate and a destroyer. We set off in our little motor craft, and it seemed as if we had no right to enter the same water as the lovely carrier. We chugged on past the sunken city of Port Royal where, at low tide the natives say, you can hear the church bells ringing as the waves ripple through the tower.

On past the ghostly city we sailed, the gentle waves lapping against the sides of our gaily-painted craft, with the dinghy in tow behind bobbing lazily on the crest of each new wave. In about three-quarters of an hour we sighted a small island covered with white sand and bearing the greenest shrubs I had ever seen. The island, which was only three hundred yards long and fifty to seventy-five yards wide, stood out of the blue ocean like a white spot on a whale's back. We moored the boat and rowed to the island in the dinghy, and there we stayed in the sun, and bathed in the warm waters until half-past four.

By now it was high tide. The wind was rising and the calm sea was beginning to whip up a little. We rowed back to the boat with some difficulty and started on our homeward journey. The sea was very choppy now, and tossed us about like a cork, washing over our decks and surging against our bows. We were making very heavy going now and were drenched with spray.

All at once the dinghy broke loose and drifted away dangerously near a coral reef. The skipper turned our craft round at length, but the sea was against us at every move. At last we came alongside the dinghy, and after a struggle we tied her on again.

As we made for home we saw a blue shark beside us. It was nine to ten feet long, and swam ominously close to us, diving under our bows and coming up on the other side. The sea was really rough now, and two or three lads were hanging over the sides. The shark and an albatross followed us almost into harbour, but as we entered our hangers-on left us and we docked and landed safely on *terra firma* once more.

J. B. HEMMING (scholar 1947-52).

A MODERN BAKERY

Even bakeries now suffer from automation, and a description of one of the most modern bakeries in the country is given below. This bakery is situated at Worcester.

It is three storeys high. On the top floor the bags of flour are stored. A few men on the top floor tip the flour into a blender, which blends four bags of English flour with one bag of foreign flour and removes any impurities from the flour.

This blender leads down to the next floor, where the dough is mixed in vats about six feet in diameter. Only one man is needed to mix the dough, which is automatically tipped from the vats into a hopper which leads down to the ground floor.

Here the dough is passed through several machines. These divide it into pieces of the required size and prepare it for the oven, which is on the same floor.

Two or three men pick the pieces of dough up and place them in tins. These tins are passed slowly through the oven for some twenty minutes, and each tin emerges containing a perfectly baked loaf. The oven is heated by diesel oil, which is ignited when an "electronic eye" sights a gas flame.

The bread has to be cooled very slowly or it will go mouldy. This is done by cool air drawn in from outside the bakery. This air is purified in a tank in which there is a great number of strong water jets.

After the bread has been cooled, the loaves are automatically fed into the slicing and wrapping machines. The flow of loaves fed into these machines is controlled by "electronic eyes."

When I was shown round this bakery, my guide emphasised the fact that, except when the bread is put into and taken out of the oven, it is untouched by human hands. Another noticeable fact is that, although the bakery serves a region with a radius of about fifteen miles, only about thirteen men work in the bakery itself.

M. HEMMING (IVA).

THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY

Many older folk have the impression that all youngsters are troublesome and unruly, like the Teddy boys who loiter on street corners. If such people had been at the Youth Rally in the Central Hall, Birmingham, on February 15th they would have seen that not all the young people of to-day are like that.

During the afternoon session there was a discussion on various aspects of modern life, which showed that the youth of to-day are capable of deep thought and clear principles. The main topics under discussion were gambling, sex, the right use of leisure, and honesty, especially in business dealings. Our elders would have been very surprised at the frankness and sincerity with which these problems were faced.

During the evening there was a display given by youth clubs from all over the Midlands. The programme consisted of items grave and gay: singing, dancing and acting, a skiffle group which brought the house down, a cricket match in mime, and a thrilling five-a-side football match.

The finale was something I shall not easily forget. All the performers massed in the arena and joined with nearly two thousand spectators in the singing of the hymn "Love Divine, all loves excelling," led by the youth choir to the thrilling accompaniment of the organ.

Many young people to-day combine straight thinking and a strong sense of humour with firm faith. We all have our faults, but on the whole are less reserved about speaking our minds than former generations. And when our elders do criticise us too harshly, they should think for a moment of the criticism they themselves evoked in their youth.

ELIZABETH COVENEY (IVA).

WITCHCRAFT

It was mid-July, and I was on holiday, staying with my long-suffering aunt who lived, most conveniently, by the sea. The weather was very hot, and I was content to pass the time wandering in the woods, eating rather too many tomatoes from the nearby greenhouses. One morning, however, I was seated on the doorstep in the sun when I beheld a strange woman coming along the dusty road. Her hair was grey and untidy, her face wrinkled, and wrapped around her head and shoulders, in spite of the heat, was a black, fringed shawl. I found myself unaccountably fascinated by this woman, and I was still staring when my aunt came out, and introduced her as "Mrs. Flanagan." She took my hand, and looked at me with sharp black eyes. At the first opportunity I went upstairs and found a picture which had been haunting my mind, and which portrayed a strange old woman flying at great speed through the air on a broomstick. As I looked at it, my suspicions were confirmed. "She's a witch," I said to myself. "Mrs. Flanagan is a witch." And it was with such thoughts that I retired to bed, to dream about Mrs. Flanagan in a tall, pointed hat, followed by her black cat.

Next day I supplied myself with tomatoes and went off into the wood. Here I sat under a tree and thought about what the little boy who lived across the road had said about the badgers who inhabited that wood. He said that badgers jumped from behind trees and ate up anyone they saw, and as he was a little older than I, I readily believed him. But they only came out at night, he had told me, and so I ate my tomatoes in safety. Safety? Suddenly I looked round, and to my horror I saw an old grey head wrapped in a shawl coming slowly along the path. I jumped up and stood petrified for a moment, before turning and running away as fast as my legs would carry me, all the time thinking I could hear pursuing footsteps, and expecting any moment to be clasped by bony hands . . .

Such incidents are amusing to look back upon. Mrs. Flanagan was, in reality, a very kind person, but when one is only five imagination, plus the magic of fairy tales, can play many tricks indeed.

JULIET ROSS (VA).

FATHER'S INVENTION

A few months ago our dog started to become quite a nuisance to us. We always let him out in the mornings for a run round the garden, and he used to push open the verandah door and wait to be let into the house. However, he got into a bad habit of pushing the door open and, if he was not let in almost straight away, walking away in disgust and not coming back until evening. Whatever we did we could not cure him of this. We had just given up hope and had decided that he would not be able to go for his run when father, with his mathematical brain, thought of an ingenious gadget to solve the problem.

He hammered a nail into the wall and fastened a piece of elastic from the nail to the door handle. He informed us that this was the end

of our worries because when the dog pushed the door open he would just have time to dash through before it slammed behind him. We were a bit dubious about this idea, but we gave it a try.

The next morning the dog went out for his usual run but, about half-past ten, I heard a curious coughing, spluttering noise. I dashed out and found that only the dog's head had entered the verandah before the door slammed, and the rest of him was still outside. The elastic had twisted round the handle and was holding the door closed. There was such a queer expression on his poor face that it quite scared me. I quickly released him and stormed off to find father to inform him that his stupid invention had not worked.

Father, however, seemed quite unperturbed, and said that the animal needed practice. I protested indignantly about this, but father insisted that it was only right that the dog should be given another chance.

How right he was. From that day on I've never seen a dog come through a door so fast.

At first the invention was a bit of a nuisance, as the door used to slam back in the faces of tradesmen, but eventually they got used to it, and now carefully remove the elastic on entering and replace it afterwards.

MARGARET LEES (IVB).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring term opened on Tuesday, January 7th, and closes on Thursday, April 3rd.

* * * *

A carol service was held in the Alcester Parish Church in the afternoon of the last day of last term, Friday, December 20th. A number of parents and friends attended the service.

* * * *

At the end of last term we said goodbye to Mr. D. McAlister. This term we welcome Mr. D. Oldham, who has taken charge of the teaching of French.

* * * *

On January 14th, a party of the Sixth, with Mr. Packham, attended a *Conversazione* held at the Midland Institute, Birmingham.

* * * *

The Speech Day gathering was held at Alcester Cinema on Wednesday, February 12th. Mr. J. B. Shewell, the newly-appointed Chairman of the Governors, presided. Miss M. T. Hankin, B.A., who is personnel manager at the works of Messrs. Cadbury, Bournville, gave the address and presented prizes and certificates. After the ceremony, tea was provided for parents and visitors in the School dining-room.

* * * *

On March 8th, a party of girls, with Miss Daykin, Miss Baird and Miss Simm, visited Wembley to watch an international ladies' hockey match between England and Scotland.

Half-term was Friday and Monday, February 21st and 24th.

* * * *

A party of members of the Fifth Form is being arranged to travel to London to visit the Tate Gallery and the Science Museum.

* * * *

County University awards were gained on the results of last July's G.C.E. examination by Finnemore, Lewis, Merris, Pinfield, Sale, Treadgold, Ann Freeman and Muriel Harrison.

* * * *

Terminal examinations began on March 12th.

* * * *

The sum of £6 12s. 1d. was raised last term for spastics by the sale of Christmas stamps.

* * * *

At the end of last term, all members of VA took the G.C.E. papers in English Language, and selected pupils took those in Mathematics. The results are printed on another page.

* * * *

On two days this term a number of pupils have received injections of anti-polio vaccine.

* * * *

Members of the Staff wish to express their thanks to those scholars, both past and present, who so kindly sent them cards at Christmas.

* * * *

At the beginning of the first week in March, a fault was found in the heating system, which had consequently to be put out of action while repairs were carried out. During this time, paraffin stoves were brought into use to provide heat in classrooms.

* * * *

Among former pupils at Universities and Colleges this year are :—
London University, Goldsmiths College: Barbara Harrison, Muriel Harrison, Sally Merris; *University College*: Barbara Druller, M. P. Finnemore; *Institute of Education*: B. Goward; *Birmingham University*: P. A. Davis, M. J. Paxton; *Leeds University*: A. J. Treadgold; *Leicester University*: Jane Rawbone; *Manchester University*: Ann Swinglehurst; *University of Wales—Bangor*: Valerie Baseley; *Aberystwyth*: G. Keyte, G. Pinfield; *Cardiff*: B. Merris; *Bath Training College*: Sally Hunt; *Chelsea Physical Training College*: Pamela O Nions; *Dartford Physical Training College*: Sheila Winspear; *Derby Training College*: Ruth Highman, Ann Lidgley; *Gloucester Domestic Science College*: Muriel Lowe.

SPRING

The winter soon will say goodbye,
 For spring is in the air.
 Among the grass the violets lie,
 Although the trees are bare.

The dormouse sniffs the gentle breeze,
 Leaps from his winter nest.
 The cackins make a pretty frieze
 Upon the hedge's crest.

JILLIAN NIGHTINGALE (IIA).

NICKNAMES

The custom of giving nicknames has existed for many moons. Its origin stretches back at least as far as Roman times. The forms taken by these names, and their causes, vary considerably. Research reveals many interesting, amusing or quite irrelevant facts concerning them, some of which I have assembled below.

Probably the original cause for nicknames was the desire to mark some physical attribute of the recipient. The name "Paetus" in Roman times meant "having a squint." It so happened that this name, first attached to one individual thus stricken, was also bestowed upon his descendants, and a whole Roman family thus acquired the cognomen "Paetus."

The desire for abbreviation also led to the formation of nicknames. Passing over the unoriginal "Dick," "Bob," etc., we come to a far more outstanding example of this. A certain Fifth Former had applied to him the name "Dogsbody" for causes unknown. He has neither a tail nor those eager, shining eyes known to dog-lovers everywhere, but this name, nevertheless, he received. His associates, amused by the name, used it frequently, but the fact that it was composed of three syllables caused difficulty. The "body" part of the name took up time that might have been occupied by words far more opprobrious, and was therefore discarded. The person now rejoices in the name of "Dogs."

In Wales it is common for people to receive a suffix to their names depending upon their occupation. While this probably works out satisfactorily in Wales, the English would no doubt be annoyed to find themselves known familiarly as "Jones the fish and chip" or "Thomas the Brussels sprout."

At school there exists a variety of nicknames which have arisen inexplicably. Some have fairly obvious causes, but others have their origin shrouded from human knowledge. It would perhaps be best to consider them in chronological order.

One of the first nicknames I learnt, when a mere "sprog" in the Lower School, was "Lartus." This peculiar appellation was enjoyed by a certain prefect whose punishments flowed like water if anyone dared to use it.

Nearer to the present day, the Sixth Form contained a "Cabin-boy," so called because his Christian name, Paul, coincided with that of a cabin boy in a stirring epic poem of the sea. A gentleman inexplicably known as "Tig" or "Fred" shared the music room with one "Nobby." These names were universally used to the complete exclusion of their real names.

There has recently departed from our midst the well-known "Piglet" or "Piggy." The only reason for anyone using this name was that it annoyed its owner immensely. Recently, however, the nicknames of the Sixth Form have become rather rare. There exist the notorious "Jasper," of course, and "Rudolph," given to a prefect with a tendency to redness of the nose, but perhaps the most unusual is "Scruffeithier." A certain

female Sixth Former had been known as "Scruff" for some weeks, until she took exception to a comment referring to her. She spoke eloquently for some time, ending her comments with "Don't call me Scruff, either." So, of course, we now call her "Scruffeither." One of the longest-lasting nicknames was the "Squire," but unfortunately he has departed from us.

Many will undoubtedly remember the famous "Bonny," who left two years ago. His nickname varied according to topicality. When his form were dealing in biology with cone-bearing trees, he was known as "Bonifer," and when the foreign soccer teams began to visit England he was everywhere referred to as "Bonved." This name annoyed him intensely. If greeted on the bus by a thoughtless "Worro, Bonved," he would snarl ferociously and either break or draw on the bus windows in savage mood.

Lower down the school interesting nicknames become even scarcer, but I have it on good authority that a Fifth Form girl is known as "Clanger," due to her habit of dropping them, while in the Fourth Form are to be found "Seamus" and "Whigsy" Hemming. These names are so well known that instead of using the customary numbers after their names to avoid error, they are known on football practice lists as "Hemming (S.)" and "Hemming (W.)."

It may thus be realised that the study of nicknames can produce interesting facts. Behind many there lies a tale (or tail, if the name is "Dogs") which may profitably be sought out. Amusement will almost certainly result.

D. E. SALE (VI).

PENFRIENDS

Ever since I first learnt to write I have loved writing letters. So I decided to have a penfriend. I chose an English one at first, because I wanted a little experience before starting up foreign correspondence.

I enjoyed this first penfriend's letters so much that I decided to have another. The obvious choice was French. That was really what began it! Someone once said "Never volunteer for a thing unless you are prepared to go on 'volunteering' indefinitely." That is precisely what happened to my letter-writing. I met a Dutch woman who heard of my penfriends, and so gave me the address of another. A friend of my brother, in the Merchant Navy, gave me the address of an Australian girl, "Because you like writing letters." Then we were told we could have a French penfriend from school. I could not resist it!

A friend offered a Canadian address, my Australian friend is trying to obtain more for me in Papua, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands. My mother found a request for English girls to write to Germany. If I wish I can have a Swedish penfriend. My trouble is that I can't say no.

That tempting offer from a friend, a form in a newspaper, I cannot refuse. If this goes on I shall need a typewriter, yet the surprising thing is I still enjoy it. However, I shall have to find a cure for my "pen-frienditis" or I shall be most unpopular with the G.P.O.

SHEILA SHEPPARD (IVa).

THE VISITOR

If anyone, standing in the deep snow, had stopped and gazed into the Browns' lighted home, on Christmas Eve, 1944, he would have seen a jolly enough bunch of youngsters listening, enthralled, to ghost stories related to them by their mother. Yet something was amiss. Someone missing? Yes, that was it, where was the father? Had he not yet come back from the war?

It was almost 8 p.m. when an elderly man walked quickly up the path. He paused to look in at the family a moment, and then knocked loudly at the door. Mrs. Brown arose and opened up. As she saw the man, she gave a gasp and exclaimed: "John!" The man removed his hat and said: "No, Mrs. Brown, I'm not John, but I've come from him. May I come in?" The man was allowed to enter and made comfortable by the fire.

"How is John?" asked Mrs. Brown, somewhat frightened at the answer she might receive.

"Oh, well enough," was the reply. "He'd be here himself now, but he's in a French military hospital. I've been there myself for the last year, suffering from a rare disease." Other questions followed and all were answered evasively. "He asked me to spend Christmas Eve with you, and he said you wouldn't mind."

The remainder of the night passed quickly, and the stranger, proving an admirable companion, became a firm favourite of the three children, none of whom could remember their father.

The stranger knew the children's names, for he said that John had told him. Mrs. Brown dismissed the man's likeness to her husband as simply a coincidence.

At midnight the man got up and made ready to go. He thanked Mrs. Brown and asked her to kiss the children for him, a strange request perhaps. In the hall he took his coat from the hall-stand as if automatically, and then opening the front door he said: "Thank you Mary dear, it's been a wonderful night, seeing you and the kids," and before Mrs. Brown could answer he had vanished into the night.

A few days later a telegram was delivered to the Brown household bringing the sad news of Private John Brown's death, on Christmas Eve, owing to a rare disease, from which he had been suffering for one year.

IRENE GOWARD (III_A).

THE SNOWMAN

My head and body are snow,
My eyes and nose are coke,
I've borrowed Uncle George's pipe
In case I want a smoke.

My hat is a topper,
My shoes are rather old,
Though my tie has come untied
I certainly am not cold.

With father's old top-coat on,
And mother's gay umbrella,
If you could see the snowman now
You would say, "What a handsome fellow."

PATRICIA SHERLOCK (II_A).

OLLA PODRIDA

There were signs of human life in the river, states V.P. Fish darted to and fro, trying to captivate small morsels.

* * * *

This cell was used a lot, writes M.E., in connection with telephones and telepathy.

* * * *

Sheep and lamps, we are told, graze under the watchful eye of an old shepherd.

* * * *

R.B. informs us that a shortage of Vitamin E causes undue breathing.

* * * *

Faustina, on the authority of a Sixth former, was famous for her immortality, and died in 141 A.D.

* * * *

Digestive juices, according to V.W., are called ensigns.

* * * *

J.J. asserts that the human body can be obtained from sunlight.

* * * *

S.B. tells us that oxygen was discovered by Presley. Elvis?

"BLITZY BERTIE"

During the last war my father was in the Civil Defence Rescue Service (air-raid precautions). He helped to rescue people and their belongings from bombed buildings. This meant a good deal of work, as the last war at that time raged violently around Dover, where he was stationed. His squad consisted of seven men for whom he was truck driver.

At daybreak one morning my father's squad was called out to a rescue in the centre of the town.

When they arrived at the doomed spot, the two houses which had been hit were just a pile of brick-rubble. The bomb which had struck the houses had bored about twenty feet into the clay-earth before exploding, and in doing so, it blew lumps of clay up as well as the houses.

All the occupants of the houses having been killed, my father and his companions proceeded to search for the bodies. When these had all been found, the men began to tidy up the site. This entailed moving tons of clay and rubble. In doing this, my father noticed from the corner of his eye, a very funny-shaped lump of clay, and, suddenly, this "lump" sprouted legs and began to walk. My father captured it, and found it to be a small tortoise, which was the only survivor of the blitz, so that there was no-one to claim it.

My father washed the clay from it and took it home. My grandma promptly christened it "Blitzzy Bertie," because it had been found in these queer circumstances. "Blitzzy Bertie" recovered quite soon from its shock and is still living in grandma's greenhouse.

D. A. LANCASTER (VA).

THE CAFE WITH THE JUKEBOX

It is only a small café. When I went in there were many "Teddy" boys, and girls, drinking cups of frothy coffee. From time to time one of the youths would amble across to the jukebox, put a threepenny-bit in, press a button, and amble back to his seat.

Behind the counter was a little dark-haired man, whom, by the way in which he spoke, I judged to be a foreigner. From time to time he changed money into threepenny-bits for the "Teddy" boys. He did this grudgingly, as if he was tired of hearing the same records over and over again.

Opposite me was a "Teddy" boy with long "sideboards". He was sitting staring at the girl opposite him. Every now and then he started tapping his feet to the music, but he spent most of the time looking at the girl. This girl, who appeared to know all the "Teddy" boys well, was dressed in black jeans and a sweater. She had make-up plastered on her face and she had a scarf tied tightly round her neck.

In one corner was a group of teenage girls doing the hand jive. I understand that this is done when there is not room to dance in the normal way.

When I had drunk my cup of coffee, I went out wondering about what I had seen. I wondered if there would be any dancing in a few years' time or whether you would go just to sit down and move your hands about. I wondered what the teenagers went into the cafe for, whether it was to listen to music or enjoy coffee. They did not seem to pay much attention to either.

R. J. CANNING (IV_A).

COMMON NATURE

When the heavens, wrapt in velvet blue,
Parade before our eyes their brilliant hue,
When clouds, made all of snow, are shining white,
And splintered into shapes for our delight;

When, 'gainst the sky, a lacy pattern form
The branches black, rising to meet the dawn,
While hyacinths grow among the green grass long,
And lark ascends, flauting his tuneful song;

When all the countryside in sun is basking,
As creatures small, among the crops, are asking
"How soon will autumn come, with ripening yellow,
And change the seedcoats from rough green to mellow?"

When all these blessings of great Nature pour
Out on our land, then we all feel the draw
Of this, our greatest joy, which ever brings
The happiness of beggars high as kings.

GILLIAN CLEWS (V_A).

MORNING GLOOM

Why is it in the morning
We have to rise so soon?
To catch the bus while yawning
Makes one feel such a goon.
Why can't we have a special plane
To get us there on time?
The W.E.C. could pay for it,
It wouldn't cost us a dime.
Instead of having to rise at seven
We would stay in bed till eight.
Oh! What perfect heaven!

MARGARET BUCKINGHAM (II_A).

SUNDAY RELAXATION

"Playing this afternoon?"

"Yeah!"

If you are up our way on a Sunday you are sure to hear that. For it is on a Sunday afternoon that our "gang" has a get-together in a game of football—or what you like to call it. For these are the proceedings.

At two o'clock we call for one another and troop down to the field with two footballs, as one will inevitably be punctured. While the chosen captains pick up the rest have a kick about, and when the captains finish, all ask: "Whose side am I on?"

Eventually we get started and the game goes fine for half-an-hour or so. Then the trouble starts.

One team denies the other a goal: "It went over the post!" is the cry. (We use coats for posts!) A few moments later it is *vice versa*. Then one angry player purposely fouls an opponent; the rest follows suit. The fouling boils up until no one bothers about the ball in a tackle.

Despite all the denied goals it is very rare that both teams fail to reach twenty goals. After about two hours' play we pack up, battered and bruised; the "feud" is over and we all go to the pictures "together."

Although we know the same will happen the following Sunday, you you would still hear:

"Playing this afternoon?"

"Yeah!"

B. W. MILLS (VB).

THE SCHOOL BUS

It jolts, it rocks, it sways around;
Still we sit, without a sound,
Hats on straight, ties neatly at necks,
For in the back of the bus—
Sit two prefects.

A. T. BRAINES (IIA).

FOILED AGAIN!

The lambs were a-leaping,
The primroses peeping,
The birds they did sing,
We thought it was spring,
And, now, what d'you know?
Four inches of snow!

ANNE ASHTON (VA).

MY PET

My pet is a puppy dog
Who romps and plays about.
He jumps into the dirty soot
And trails it in and out.

My mummy gets so very cross
When she's just cleaned the floor;
But my naughty little dog
Just does it more and more.

He jumps up to the table
To try and steal a bone.
But I tell him he is naughty
And must leave the bone alone.

He runs into the garden
And snaps at little flies.
I don't think I shall keep him quiet
Until the day he dies.

LESLEY BATES (IA).

NUTS!

(A True Story)

Whilst we sat watching the television during the Christmas holidays, a large basket of nuts was passed round, and when all had taken their fill, it was placed on the hearth.

One evening, as the basket stood there, our dog "Trix" found her way through the jumble of legs and chairs to it, and glancing right and left, she proceeded to sort about in the basket, and eventually she brought out the smallest possible nut, the cobnut. Then she disappeared.

At first, I was the only one who noticed her, but after a while Mummy noticed that the cobnuts were gradually decreasing in number. So we all waited. Sure enough, Trix came back, picked out a cobnut and took it away with her. We pulled the chair aside, and there sat Madame herself, cracking the nut and looking extremely pleased. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Mum, and "Look!" said I. For there, in a neat pile by the edge of the chair, was a heap of empty nut shells!

"That dog's clever," murmured Dad, and we all agreed.

P. DOWNING (IIIb).

BED

Every morning I awake.
And close my eyes to sleep.
Why get up and spoil my dreams?
Down the bed I creep.

"Time to get up," my sister calls,
Tipping water on my head.
I snuggle even further down.
Oh, how I love my bed!

I come home from a day at school;
There's lots of things to do.
I want to sit all night and play,
And go to bed at two.

"Bedtime." Oh, that hateful word!
And the order I always dread:
"Put away your things and go."
Oh, how I hate my bed!

ELIZABETH GARDNER (Ia).

BATTLE

The battle was over,
The sword was no more.
The dead were all scattered
At Boscavy Tor.

The grass and the mud
Were covered in red
For there was the blood
Of the wounded and dead.

The shields of the fallen
Lay there on the ground.
The field was deserted,
The birds made no sound.

But the battle was fought
Ten years past or more.
And the birds break the silence
At Boscavy Tor.

MARILYN HAYDON (IIIa).

MY HOBBY

My hobby is studying animals.
Learning about fish and birds and mammals.
From the tall giraffe to the tiny shrew.
Lions, tigers and leopards, too.

Rice, big apes and little monkeys,
Zebras, asses, horses, donkeys.
Trout and pike that swim in the shallows,
Martins, cuckoos and swift-flying swallows.

M. BARLEY (Ib).

WATCH ME NOD

One day, returning from town on the 'bus, I overheard a conversation between the conductor and a lady passenger. He was telling her of an experience he had, when he first became a conductor. This was his story:—

"It was my first journey on the Cheltenham route, and when I got on the 'bus, I saw a large bundle of newspapers in the corner of the luggage compartment. Not knowing what to do with them, I asked the driver.

"'Oh,' he said, 'you throw those out on the way.'

"'But where?' I asked.

"'Keep your eyes on me,' he said, 'and when I nod my head throw a bundle out.'

"We started off on the journey, and at various places out went a bundle of papers. About half way to Cheltenham the 'bus stopped and the driver came round to the door.

"'Now, about those papers,' he said.

"'What papers?' I asked, 'They have all gone.'

"The driver said: 'I thought I told you I would nod my head.'

"'Well,' I said, 'you have been nodding it all the way.'"

By this time we had come to my destination, so I got off the 'bus chuckling to myself, and, at the same time, wondering what happened when he got back to the 'bus station.

CHRISTINE JARRETT (IIB).

THE RIVER

It is a bright sunny morning and quite warm for February here by the River Arrow. The Arrow is a quiet meandering stream shaded in summer by the leafy branches of the overhanging alder and willow trees. Now the oaks, alders and willows are leafless in their winter slumber, but they will soon break forth into their summer splendour.

The air is still, only the river-side birds and the water slowly swirling around the bays breaking the peaceful silence. Down here on a small pebbly beach are shells of molluscs of all shapes and sizes which were washed up by the previous floods. Birds drink on the river edge, hopping to and fro, making many footprints in the soft silt also washed up by the floods.

When the warmer weather comes the fish will become more active and fishermen will be seen regaining their skill at catching roach and bream. The river banks and the surrounding fields will become more populated; the water rats will come from their winter nests and go for swims in the cool water sparkling in the sunlight; birds will become more noticeable, the kingfisher, the reed warbler and the tit family, and build their nests in the banks and reeds. Oh! for the beauty of the summer countryside.

A. HOPKINS (VB).

GOING TO THE CINEMA

When we were very young, to go to the cinema was a great treat. We would sit enthralled as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck quarrelled, fought, and eventually returned victorious from conquest. We would sit and laugh at the cartoons, and at the way the small figures rushed across the screen.

As we grew, we would enjoy cowboy films, and films about "Tarzan." Roy Rogers was a great favourite, and girls simply adored his pretty wife, Dale Evans.

At the age of about eleven, we began to appreciate the way the films were shot, and the beauty of the scenery. Musicals were more in our line, and cowboys were very much in the background. Animal lovers sat engrossed in Walt Disney's "True-Life" films.

Between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, we just went when we felt like it, not caring if the film was good or bad.

At about sixteen, crime films were a favourite, and as we grew towards twenty we took an interest in romances.

Now, however, young and old alike enjoy watching Elvis Presley, Tommy Steele and Bill Haley. Rock 'n' roll is the theme of many films, and even if we cannot rock 'n' roll in the cinema, we can certainly tap our feet, regardless of the manager's plea to "Keep quiet." Though many of us are not really interested in films, few of us disregard the request "Let's go to the pictures."

DIANA SMITH (IIIA).

BOB-A-JOBING

Aching backs and aching feet,
Tramping through snow and rain and sleet.
Cleaning shoes and polishing brasses,
Scrubbing floors and washing glasses.

Harder and harder we rub and scrub,
Splashing the washing around in the tub.
And if the day is dry and fine
We peg the washing out on the line.

All day long we polish and shine,
And peg out washing on the line,
Then when our work at last is done,
We're very tired, but we've had some fun.

CELIA EDWARDS (IA).

TELEVISION

The television is very good fun,
But it stops me getting my homework done.
On Sunday there is "Bid for Fame,"
In which young artists make their name.
On Monday there is "Panorama,"
On Tuesday there's a show with "Yana."
Wednesday brings the usual "Sportsview,"
Thursday "About the Home" comes due.
On Friday night the shows are fine,
From six o'clock till half-past nine,
With "David Grief" and "The Army Game,"
And "Take Your Pick" which has reached great fame.
On Saturday there's the old "Six-Five,"
Where the teenagers love to jive.
At twelve o'clock it's time to close,
And thus each week the programme goes.

DAPHNE HALL (IVb).

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

I have a friend named James. Although he is a well-behaved boy, his appearance and his clothes are shocking. I can remember when at one time he used to wear an old pair of patched trousers with a pair of shabby braces holding them up.

One day James was walking down the street when all of a sudden, while looking the other way, he bumped into a lamp standard. This made James very dizzy and bewildered, and he carried on, wobbling all over the pavement. There were some road works at the end of the street, and James stopped to talk to the workmen. As he looked a bit pale, they offered him a cup of cold tea. When James had finished his tea, he started to get up, but he found that he was stuck to the road. He looked about him and found he was sitting in a patch of tar. He heaved and he pulled, but he could not get up. Then all at once there came a loud r-i-i-i-i-i-p, and James had torn the seat out of his trousers. By this time quite a crowd had gathered round, and James felt very embarrassed. When the people moved off, he grabbed hold of a newspaper, wrapped it round himself and started off home. As a punishment, his mother made him sew a new seat in his trousers.

R. FOSTER (IIB).

SCHOOL

The old scholars wish they were back,
While I wish I'd never come.
They say that they never were slack,
While we go to school looking glum.

Masters try to drum into my head
That two and two do not make three.
Oh, why should it make four instead?
It makes it much harder for me.

M. BRAND (IIIB).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

This term has seen a somewhat subdued Sixth, strangely enough. Several reasons have contributed to this change.

One of the prominent male artists has departed from our midst. In addition, owing to the childish instincts of some of the Sixth Form members, the Sixth Form-room can no longer be used as a communal centre, much to the momentary horror of all concerned.

But other places of recreation have been discovered. Here we find, however, that the characteristics of the male and female members have changed much. Once a united band, they are now two separate parties. The girls huddle in groups and talk—mainly about the previous night's dance. Typical pieces of conversation are "I did not get home until three a.m., and only had three hours' sleep" or "I had four Baby Poms last night." The boys, on the other hand, are nearly all separate individuals now. The studious ones do school work during the breaks, and discuss the merits of West Bromwich Albion, while certain others engage in conversation with younger ones of the "fairer sex."

There is, however, one exception to this rule, who becomes very "narked" on hearing typical Scottish colloquialisms and threatens to

"wap" offenders uttering "Och." His threats are often carried out, and offenders learn from experience that he is not to be meddled with.

Just to show that the Sixth Form scientists had not lost their sense of humour, two of them were heard to remark simultaneously: "A radish" on hearing the question "What is a repeating root?" Very good!

Those of our members mentioned in last term's *Record* as being particularly proficient at games have continued their activities, but without undue success.

At the beginning of this term, a party of Sixth Form scientists and "interested" artists attended, under the supervision of Mr. Packham, the annual *Conversazione* held at the Birmingham and Midland Institute. Many interesting models and objects were seen, in some of whom the boys showed great interest.

The Sixth Form party was held at Arrow during the Christmas holidays, and some of the past Sixth Form members were invited. Speech Day and February 14th were other days of note for Sixth Form members, and it was noted, especially on the second occasion, that some members lost their reputed composure.

Duties have been performed as industriously as ever, but much to the regret of the Sixth the famous wireless now seems to "have had its day," and no-one has shown initiative in repairing it.

Work still goes on as before, but now with a certain expectancy. The Lower Sixth find that they know practically nothing of their book-work, with there looming ahead in the none-too-distant future examinations which they have been told to take in their stride. The Upper Sixth, however, calm and collected as ever, continue to cram as much knowledge as possible into their brains, with a pass in Advanced level subjects as their ultimate goal at school.

ALISON JONES and M. BAILEY.

A VISIT TO THE CONVERSAZIONE

On the 14th January a party of sixth formers visited a *Conversazione*, organised by the Midland Institute, Birmingham.

There were a great variety of interesting, amusing and mysterious exhibits, ranging from a paramagnetic permeammeter to a display of match-box labels.

On entering one room we were greeted by disgusted "Ughs" from a group of girls gathered round an evil-looking machine, through which artificial blood was running. It was a heart-lung machine, the object of which was to by-pass the heart and lungs so that the heart can be stopped and opened. A realistic-looking body was lying on a table covered by a cloth. A section of the body was cut away, showing tubes leading from the organs of the heart.

Less gruesome was the bon-bon sweet wrapping machine which supplied free samples to eager spectators. One member of the party, who displayed an unusual interest in the machine, had his finger wrapped up like a bon-bon, much to his delight.

While the boys admired and discussed the F.A. Cup, the girls watched a demonstration of lace-making. This ancient craft, originated in Italy, spread through other European countries and was introduced into England by the Flemish who sought refuge in this country at the time of the religious persecutions on the Continent in the sixteenth century.

In another section there was an exhibition of paintings, photographs and models, illustrating the progress made in astronautics, with a glimpse into the future of space travel and the new worlds which lie ahead. One member of the form was so inspired by the idea of being the first to reach the moon that he decided he no longer wanted to be Prime Minister, but would join the Interplanetary Society instead.

After having some refreshments we made our way to the cinema. One wall of the cinema was a huge sack in three sections, the screen being hung on the middle section. Each section of the sack was loosely tacked together, and much amusement was caused by the appearance of faces either side of the screen, belonging to people who evidently did not realise they were peering into a cinema. We saw a film called "Fiddle-de-dee," which was the visual interpretation of a folk-dance played on a scratchy fiddle. It consisted of many-coloured blotches and stripes. We also saw a slow-motion film of a drop of milk falling into a cup of coffee. As this was a silent film, accompanied by sub-titles, certain members of the audience decided to improve it by introducing sound-effects, representing the noise made the drop as it hit the coffee.

We would like to thank Mr. Thornton for arranging the outing, and Mr. Packham for accompanying us. It proved to be a most enjoyable evening.

M. NORDEN and J. BURFORD.

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

For me, this year has been the tenth anniversary as secretary of this branch, and I should like to take the opportunity of looking back at the progress made during that time.

In 1948, the collection amounted to £13 6s. 7d. Since then, each year's figure has been an improvement on that of the previous year, until last year the total amount collected was £86 16s. 8d. These figures speak for themselves and reflect great credit on all the members and other contributors. Moreover, they encourage me to hope that it will not be too long before our annual target is £100, and I am sure we shall reach it. With rising costs, Dr. Barnardo's Homes are faced with the need for an ever-increasing income, merely to maintain their work, apart from expanding it, and I am glad that we have been able to show a steady rise in our gifts.

For several years now, the membership has been well over a hundred, having grown from 44 in 1948. I am very anxious that the number should not fall, and although many Old Scholars continue their membership (and I am very grateful to them), it is necessary to recruit new members each year. I shall be very glad to enrol anyone at any time.

A large number of awards was made this year, including several to

Old Scholars. Of the members still at school, Valerie Ross and Janet Bullock received knives, and the following all earned Short Service Badges : Christine Baylis, Patricia Palmer, Jennifer Jones, R. Canning, M. Wheeler, Phyllis Batsford, Margaret Read, Janet Wilshaw, D. Beale, Judith James, J. Curnock, Marie Price, Anne Ashton, Jean Pirie, Juliette Fitzmaurice, Diane Gould, M. Andrews, Elizabeth Coveney, D. Bowie, Sylvia Langston, Wendy Wright, C. Spalding.

My thanks go to all who have made 1957 a record year.

H.M.H.

PRIZE LIST, 1956-57

At the annual Speech Day in February, certificates gained by candidates in last summer's G.C.E. examinations were presented. In addition presentations of the following prizes and other awards were made :—

Head Boy's Prize : Finnemore.

Head Girl's Prize : Ann Freeman.

Form Prizes.—*Form VI (Upper)*: Sale, Finnemore, Treadgold; *Form VI (Lower)*: Janet Bullock, Rouse, Jill Burford; *Form Va*: Downie, Bailey, Dale, Pat Latham; *Form IVa*: Eileen Such, Anne Ashton, Gillian Clews, Lancaster; *Form IVb*: Ann Heyes, Maureen Green, Pamela Good; *Form IIIa*: Elizabeth Coveney, Jean Pirie, Canning; *Form IIIb*: Bennett ii, Bennett iii; *Form IIa*: Irene Goward, Helen Jackson; *Form IIb*: Nita Crook, Christine Draper, Jane Eborall; *Form Ia*: Patricia Sherlock, Simmons, Bradley; *Form Ib*: Rosina Biddle, Ann Taft, Doreen Ward.

Progress Prizes : Day, Curnock, Jennifer Mason, Kathleen Hartwell, Lorna Smith.

Spencer Cup (for the best result in G.C.E.) : Sale.

Mason Cup (for the best pupil in Middle School) : Elizabeth Coveney.

Scout Cup : Panther Patrol (Patrol Leader, Hopkins).

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS FOR GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

In the autumn examinations the following candidates obtained passes at ordinary level :—

Form VI

D. P. H. Cotter, *English Language and French*; J. Holt, *Mathematics*; S. M. Wiles, *Geography*.

Form Va

D. Ash, D. W. Beale, D. A. Lancaster, J. A. Sheppard, S. A. Langston, A. C. Lloyd, R. A. Patterson, M. Price, J. Rose, E. P. Such, *English Language and Mathematics*; J. S. Harris, E. A. Ashton, J. S. M. Barnsdale, P. A. Batsford, J. M. Biddle, G. Clews, D. F. Dibble, V. Dobson, S. A. Dyson, P. A. Good, M. A. Green, M. M. Hemming, H. A. Heyes, B. E. Jones, E. C. Moore, J. M. Parton, M. P. Rogers, E. Smith, R. J. Taylor, C. M. Vondrak, *English Language*.

THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY*Secretary:* W. Wright.*Treasurer:* V. Dobson.*Committee:*

J. Parton, W. Yates, J. Pirie, C. Smith, J. Duxbury.

This term has been spent learning many new "set" dances which were put aside last term for the easier community dances which were danced at the parties. Both junior and senior parties were successful and went off with a swing. I would like to take the opportunity to thank all those who helped to make them both a success.

WENDY WRIGHT.

THE FIELD CLUB

Members studying fungi have accomplished some interesting and useful work, despite poor weather conditions, which have hampered the flora study group even more, compelling them to spend more time in the laboratory studying theory and drawing floral diagrams. The agricultural group have spent much time reading articles of relevant interest.

The mammalian study group this term lost the services of one of its members, whose work is being done by our treasurer. The carcase of the badger should soon be cleaned, and the skeleton is in course of preparation. This work was started last December, the body being boiled wholesale, the meat removed and the bones bleached in hydrogen peroxide and dried in alcohol. Unfortunately photographs taken before half term could not be printed owing to faulty film.

D. SHEPPARD.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY*President:* D. E. Sale.*Secretary:* S. M. Wiles.*Social Secretary:* M. P. Thomas.*Treasurer:* A. C. W. Jones.

This term the meetings have continued successfully. We have read several plays, including "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Androcles and the Lion."

One of the most enjoyable meetings was spent playing the game charades. All the members of the society joined in, and the most amusing group included Mills, Jones, Harris, Danks and Beston.

Another week was spent in performing mimes. This was interrupted by the Photographic Society, who came to take the society's photograph.

We have decided that it will not be possible to produce a play on a large scale until the Autumn Term. We may, however, be able to produce a play for certain members of the School.

SHEILA M. WILES.

THE CHESS CLUB

For the first half of this term the Chess Club has been supervised by Mr. Oldham, in the absence of Mr. Thornton. In the league, the leaders are Chambers, Fridman, Curnock and Stallard, while in the ladder Curnock leads from Brand and Fridman. The final of last term's knock-

out competition was won by Wyatt, who beat Fridman. In the Summer Term we hope to arrange a chess competition with the Sixth Form.

Last term the club bought four new sets and boards with the money from subscriptions.
D. CHAMBERS.

AEROMODELLING CLUB

Various models are being attempted : solid, rubber-powered, and a glider. One petrol-motor was not very successful; after many attempts a short flight was made with rather disastrous results. One or two successful gliders have made a brief appearance, later to be recovered and restored for further brief appearances. The members continue to construct from various kits, and hope to be more successful as their experience grows.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term we have concentrated on obtaining better results. The new members have also started to work by themselves.

We visited several of the other societies and experimented with flash photography.
M. J. ROUSE.

SCOUTS

We were sorry to lose T. W. Banfield, the late Troop Leader, and Edwards, who both left at Christmas.

This term has been occupied mainly in learning various things such as map reading and making use of them in outdoor activities. We hope to continue with this work next term and increase the number of Second Class Scouts.

This year the Scout Cup was presented to Patrol Leader A. E. Hopkins, of the Panther Patrol.
A.E.H.

FOOTBALL

1st XI Captain: Rouse.

Under-15 Captain: Chambers.

Several matches this term had to be cancelled because of weather. So far, each side has only played once.

The 1st XI have five more matches to play, and the Under-15 XI four more matches.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI v. King's Norton G.S. (home), lost, 2-3.

A.G.S. Under-15 XI v. Lodge Farm S.M.S. (away), drawn, 2-2.

M. J. ROUSE, *Hon. Secretary.*

HOCKEY

Captain: M. Norden.

The bad weather conditions during this term have caused a number of cancellations. We have so far managed to play only two matches. The teams have improved with practice, and the 1st XI has had three victories. The forwards have been working together well, and in our match against Worcester this was particularly obvious. Jill Burford has made good back passes from the goal line to the inner and centre forward

who have scored goals in this manner. Barbara Jones has also scored good, hard goals from the left. Many of the shots, however, still go off course and miss the goal. The half-backs find it rather trying and very exhausting running from one end of the pitch to the other, retrieving the ball from our goal circle, and backing the forwards up around the opposing circle.

The 2nd XI still need to speed their game up, and probably the necessary goals would then be scored.

On March 8th, Miss Daykin arranged for a party of girls to attend the match at Wembley between England and Scotland.

The 1st XI is also entering the Warwickshire Hockey Trials later in the season, and we hope to be as successful as last year, when we reached the semi-finals.

The 1st XI has been represented by I. Goward, C. Baylis, R. Patterson, J. Pirie, J. Bullock, M. Norden, G. Clews, B. Jones, J. Holt, M. Wilks, M. Millward, J. Burford, G. Draycott.

The 2nd XI has been represented by S. Sheppard, K. Hartwell, P. Ison, J. Pirie, R. Wright, E. Ison, E. Coveney, S. Ingram, W. Wright, I. Prowlin, M. Hemming, G. Draycott, M. Jordan, L. Smith.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Worcester Grammar School (away), won, 4—2.

„ v. Stourbridge C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—7.

A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Worcester Grammar School (away), lost, 1—5.

„ v. Stourbridge C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—7.

M. NORDEN.

NETBALL

Our practices this term have been played at a faster pace under the new rules. We have not enforced the new rules in a school match as our only match this term, against Studley College, was played under the old rules. It was a very even game, resulting in a win for us, the final score being 18-17.

Unfortunately, we were not able to attend the netball tournament on March 15th, as there was a hockey tournament on the same day.

We hope to arrange more fixtures next season.

The 1st VII has been represented by M. Wilks, W. Wright, B. Jones, C. Baylis, J. Pirie, M. Millward and J. Burford.

RESULT

A.G.S. 1st VII v. Studley College (home), won, 18—17.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following matches were played towards the end of last term :—

FOOTBALL

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Stratford N.F.U. (away), won, 3—1.

„ v. Birmingham University Geographical Dept. (home), lost, 2—6.

„ v. Old Scholars' XI (home), won, 4—2.

„ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—7.

„ v. Tewkesbury G.S. (away), lost, 1—6.

„ v. King's Norton G.S. (away), lost, 0—4.

HOCKEY

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), won, 4—3.

„ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 1—4.

„ v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), won, 3—1.

A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 2—3.

„ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 2—5.

„ v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), lost, 0—1.

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